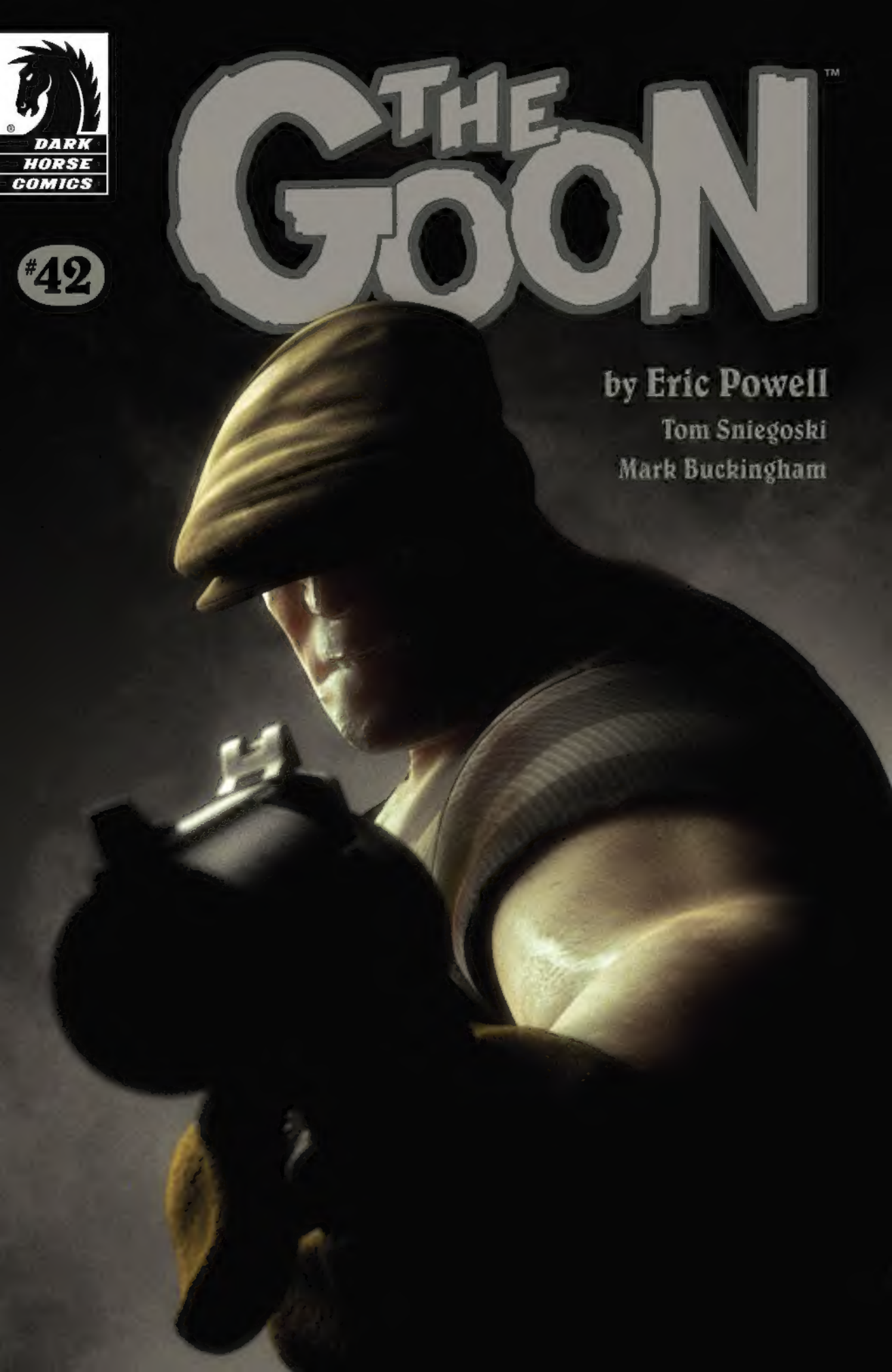
DARK HORSE COMICS
#42
THE GOON
by Eric Powell
Tom Sniegoski
Mark Buckingham

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

story assist by Tom Sniegoski

colors by Bill Farmer and Eric Powell

cover art by Blur Studio

The Bog Lurk That Lurked Like a Thing! A Bad Thing!

script by Eric Powell art by Mark Buckingham

letters by Nate Piekos of Blambot®

editor Scott Allie assistant editors Daniel Chabon and Shantel LaRocque
designer Amy Arendts publisher Mike Richardson

SINCE 1999

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.** and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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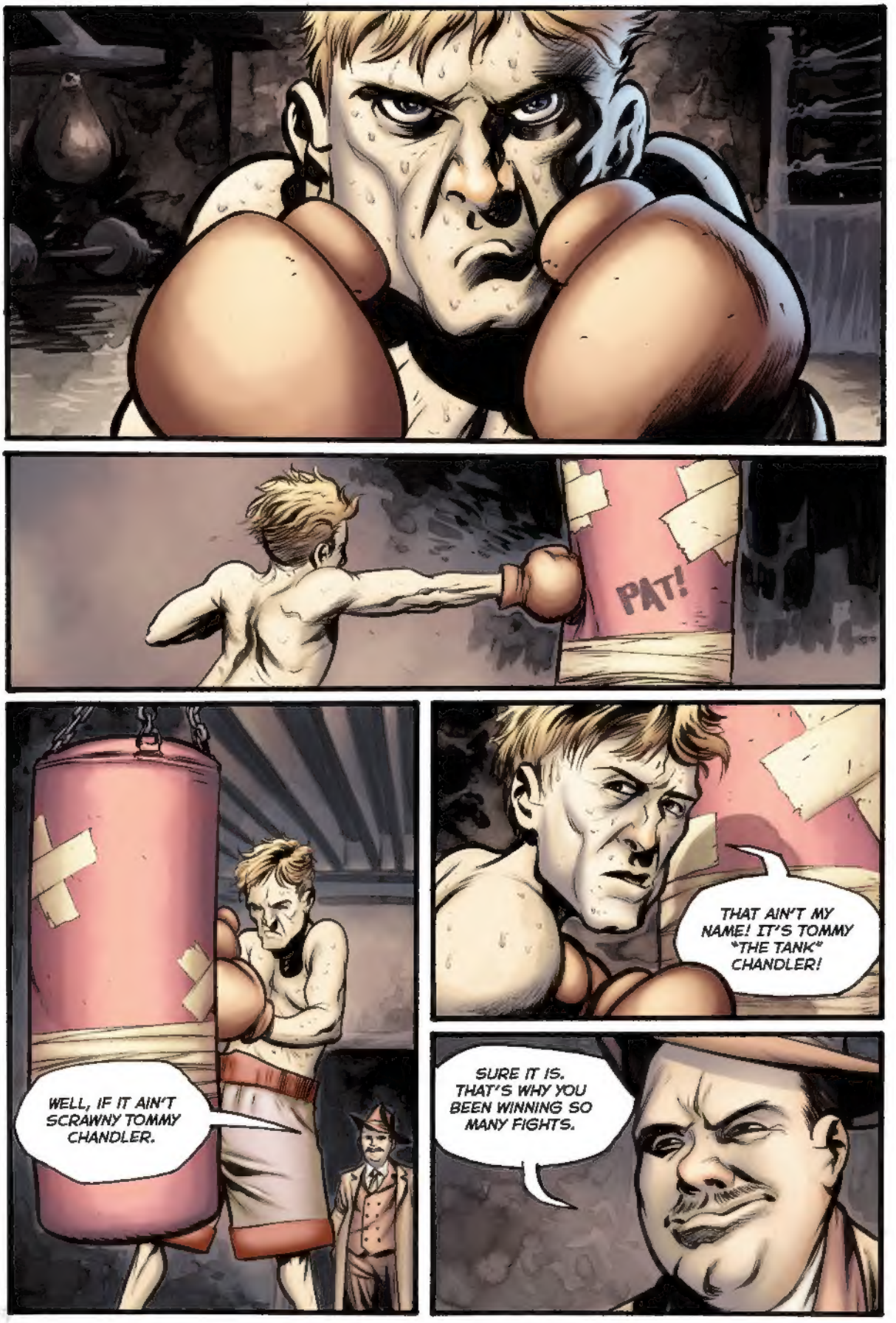
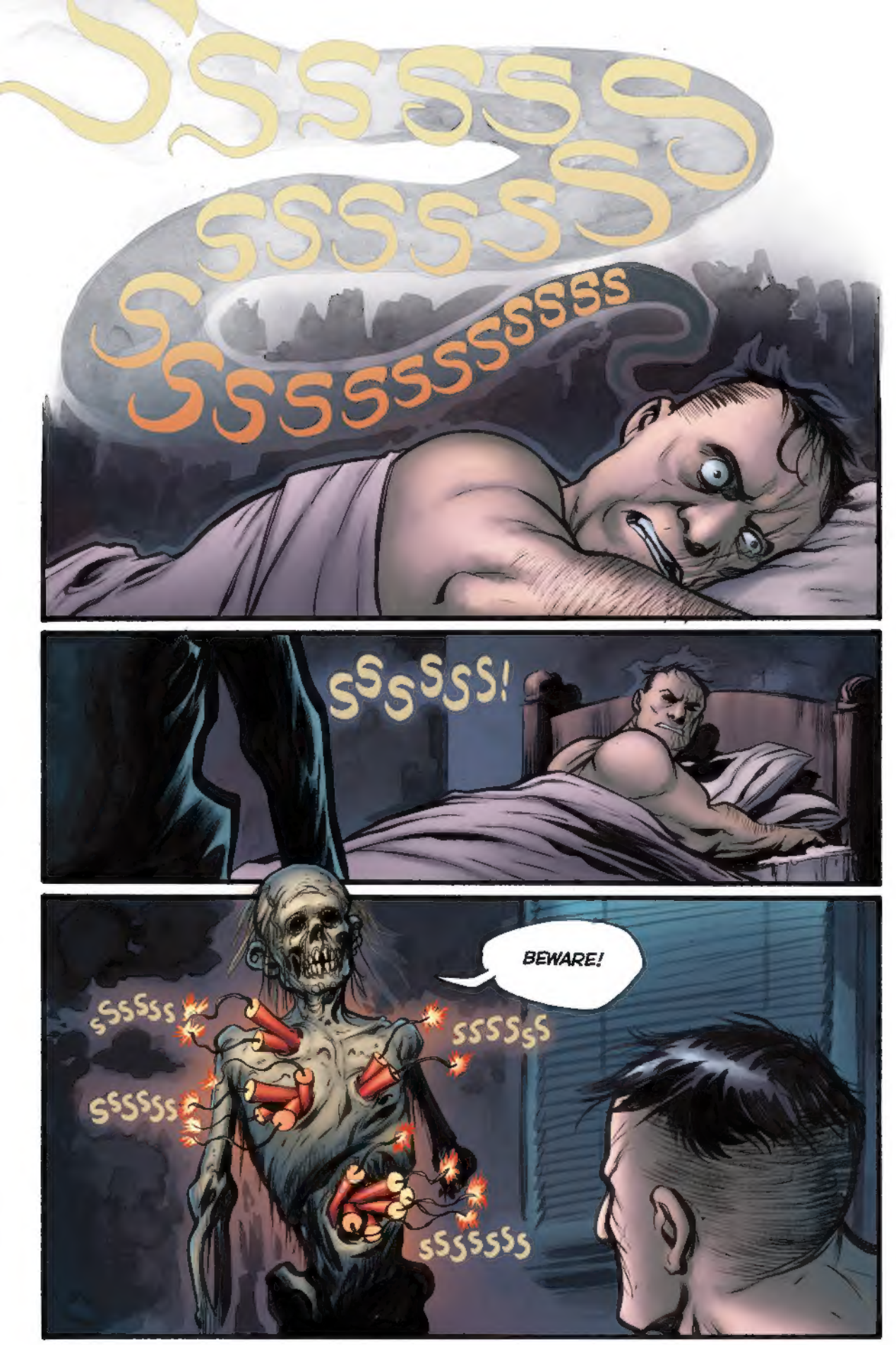

PAT!
WELL, IF IT AIN'T SCRAWNY TOMMY CHANDLER.
THAT AIN'T MY NAME! IT'S TOMMY "THE TANK" CHANDLER!
SURE IT IS. THAT'S WHY YOU BEEN WINNING SO MANY FIGHTS.

YEAH, WELL, I'M GONNA WIN THE NEXT ONE, MISTER! YOU CAN BET ON THAT!
OH, I INTEND TO!
THE NAME'S SULLIVAN, AND I'M ABOUT TO MAKE YOU A WEALTHY MAN.
SEE, THE GOON HAS BEEN GOING AROUND SPREADING WORD THAT CHUCK WILLIAMS, THE OPPONENT IN YOUR NEXT FIGHT, HAS A BUM RIGHT HAND.
EVEN HAS HIM WALKING AROUND TOWN WITH HIS ARM IN A SLING TO DRIVE THE ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR.
BUT THE TRUTH IS GOON JUST WANTS A PHONY UNDERDOG SO WHEN HE BETS ON CHUCK TO WIN, HE'LL BE RAKING IN THE DOUGH.

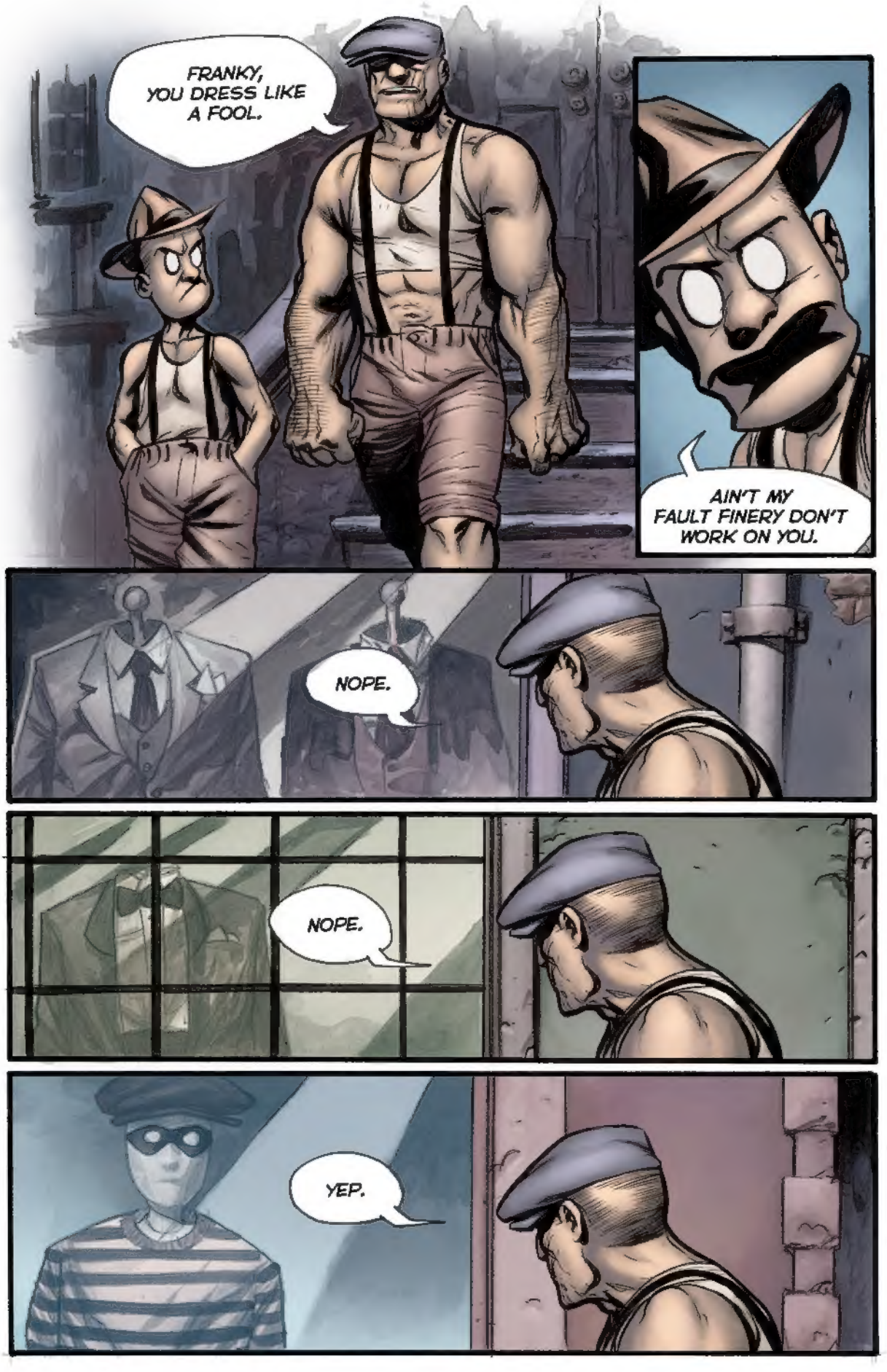
THE GOON IS IN FOR A RUDE AWAKENING WHEN I WIN THAT FIGHT!
CHUCK IS GONNA CLEAN YOUR CLOCK! GET SOME SENSE, KID. YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.
WITHOUT MY HELP, THAT IS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW A FELLA THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE MORE... FORMIDABLE.

SNAKES.
THERE ARE SNAKES IN THAT GRASS, HONEY.
BEWARE THE SNAKES.
SNAKES.


Ssssss
ssssss
Sssssssssss
sssss!
BEWARE!
sssssss
sssssss
sssssss
sssssss

BEWARE! YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER! THEY ARE COMING!
BOOM!

WHAT THE [redacted] JUST HAPPENED?!
SOME SLACK JAW STUFFED WITH DYNAMITE JUST TOLD ME TO BEWARE, THEN BLEW UP THE PLACE.
WELL, GUESS I'LL NEED NEW CLOTHES.
FRANKY, LEMME BORROW SOME CLOTHES!

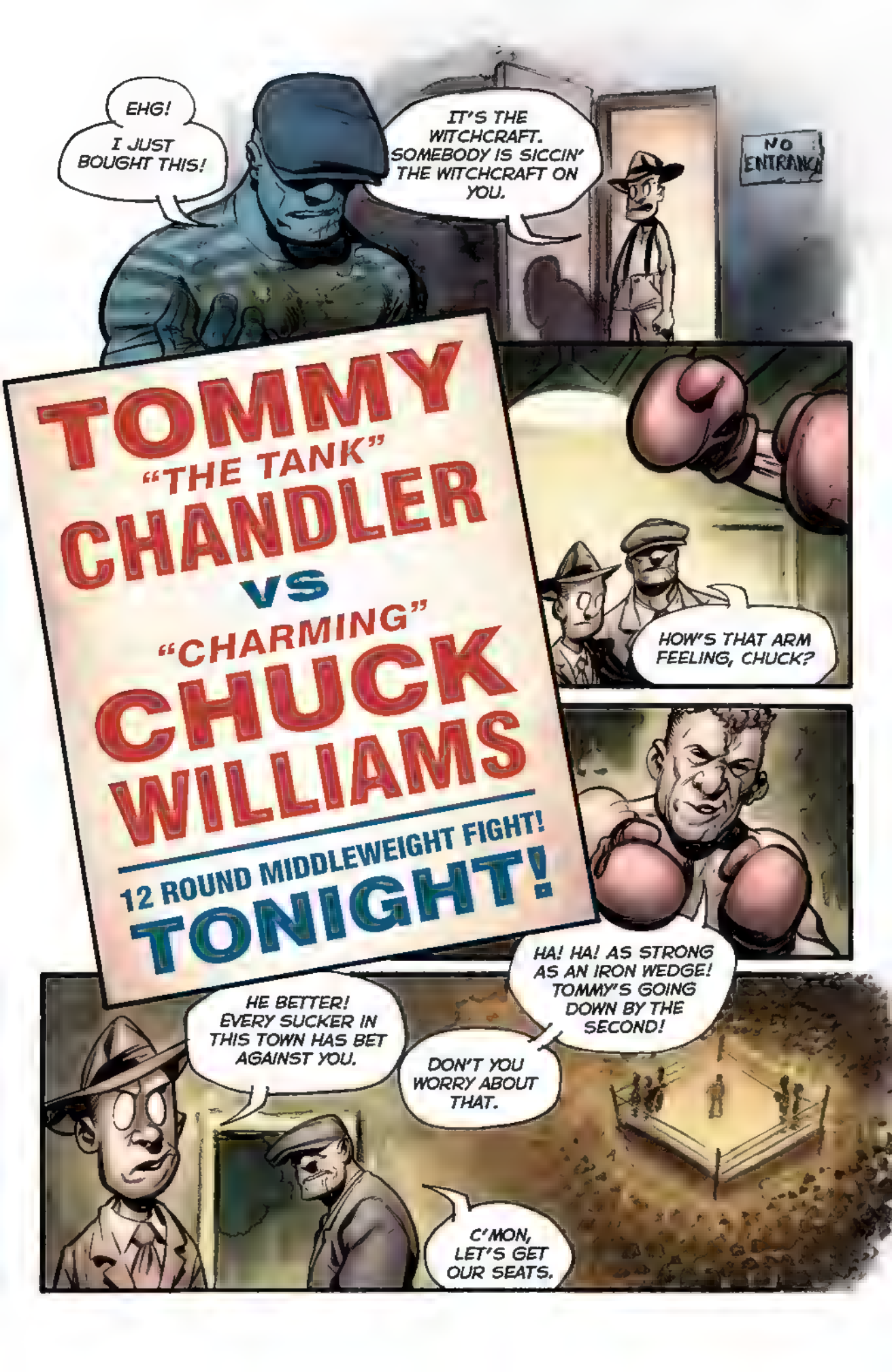

FRANKY, YOU DRESS LIKE A FOOL.
AIN'T MY FAULT FINERY DON'T WORK ON YOU.
NOPE.
NOPE.
YEP.

THAT'S BETTER.
BEWARE.
BEWARE!
BEWARE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

THEY ARE COMING, GOON! BEWARE!
SO YOU KEEP SAYIN'!
BEWARE!
YA-HUH.
HEY! THAT ONE WAS KINDA CUTE.
YEP, IT'S THE WITCHCRAFT ALL RIGHT. BUT WHY ARE THEY WARNIN' YA ABOUT SOMETHIN' AND TRYING TO RIP YOUR HEAD OFF AT THE SAME TIME?

Norton's PUB
THE BETS ON THE FIGHT ARE ROLLIN' IN! WE'RE GONNA MAKE A BUNDLE!
NICE.
I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK.
DAMMIT, NOODLES, WHY YOU ALWAYS GOTTA WRECK THE S[illegible]R?!
NO ENT

BEWARE!
AW, C'MON NOW!
THEY WILL DESTROY YOU! THEY ARE COMING! YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE! BEWARE!
BE-
KUNCH!


EHG!
I JUST BOUGHT THIS!
IT'S THE WITCHCRAFT. SOMEBODY IS SICCIN' THE WITCHCRAFT ON YOU.
NO ENTRANCE
TOMMY "THE TANK" CHANDLER
VS
"CHARMING" CHUCK WILLIAMS
12 ROUND MIDDLEWEIGHT FIGHT!
TONIGHT!
HOW'S THAT ARM FEELING, CHUCK?
HA! HA! AS STRONG AS AN IRON WEDGE! TOMMY'S GOING DOWN BY THE SECOND!
HE BETTER! EVERY SUCKER IN THIS TOWN HAS BET AGAINST YOU.
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT.
C'MON, LET'S GET OUR SEATS.

I WANT A GOOD CLEAN FIGHT, BOYS! NOW TOUCH GLOVES AND AT THE BELL COME OUT SWINGIN'!
HEY, WHAT'S SULLIVAN DOING IN TOMMY'S CORNER?
GAH!

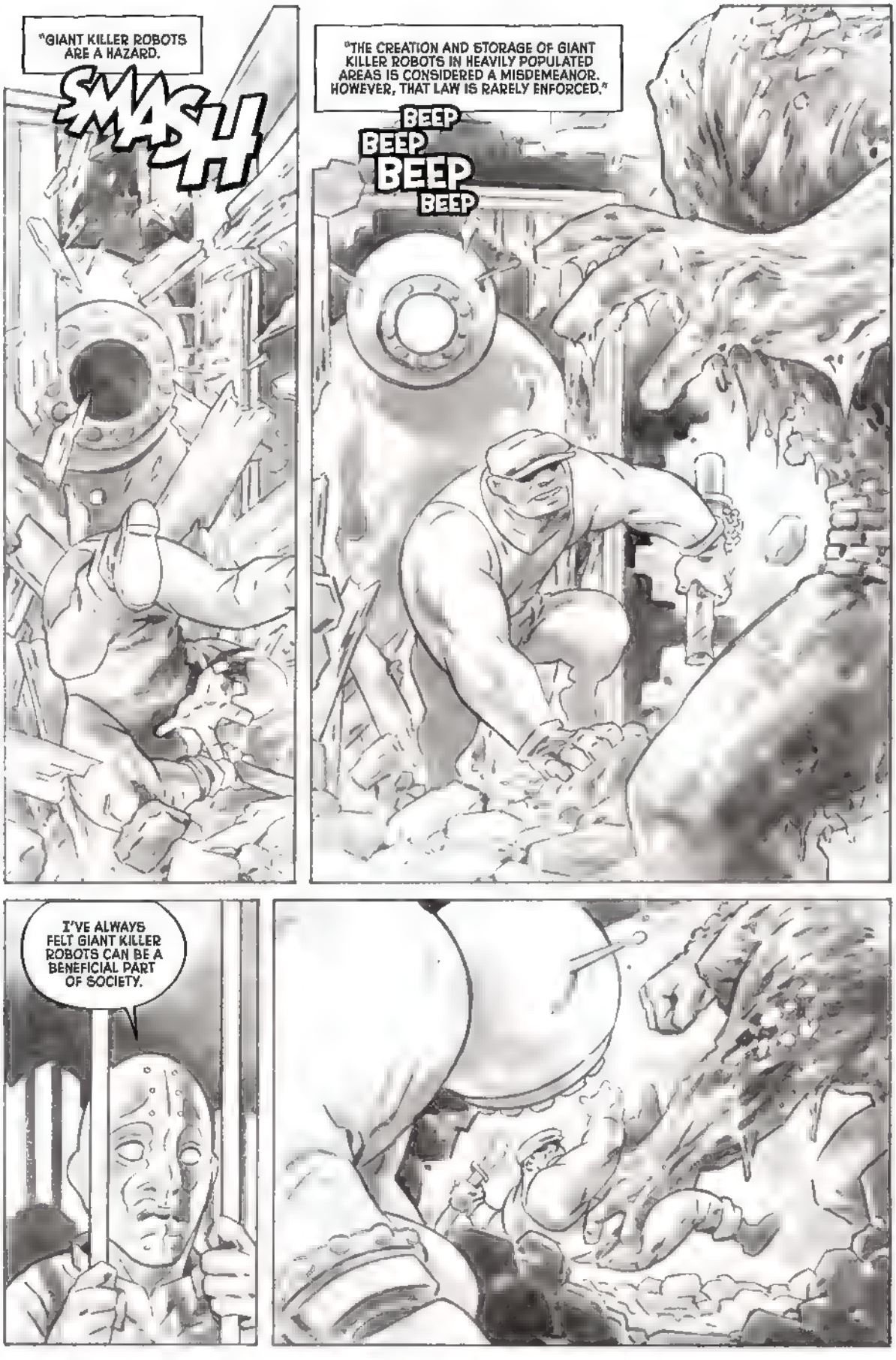
WHAT THE--
POW!
EIGHT!... NINE!... TEN!
KNOCKOUT!!
IT'S SULLIVAN WHAT BEEN USIN' THE WITCHCRAFT ON YA, GOON!
SON OF A--
WITCHCRAFT! FOUL! IT WAS THE WITCHCRAFT!

RAH!
SHATTUP!
SULLIVAN!!
I... WON!
I DON'T KNOW IF I'D CALL GETTING HIT SO HARD IT SMACKS THE WITCHCRAFT OUTTA YA WINNING.
GET BACK HERE!
THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA SIC A BUNCH OF BEWITCHED FREAKS ON ME AND THEN SCREW ME OUTTA MY FIGHT WINNINGS, DID YA?!
HE DIDN'T SEND THOSE WARNINGS TO YOU. I DID.

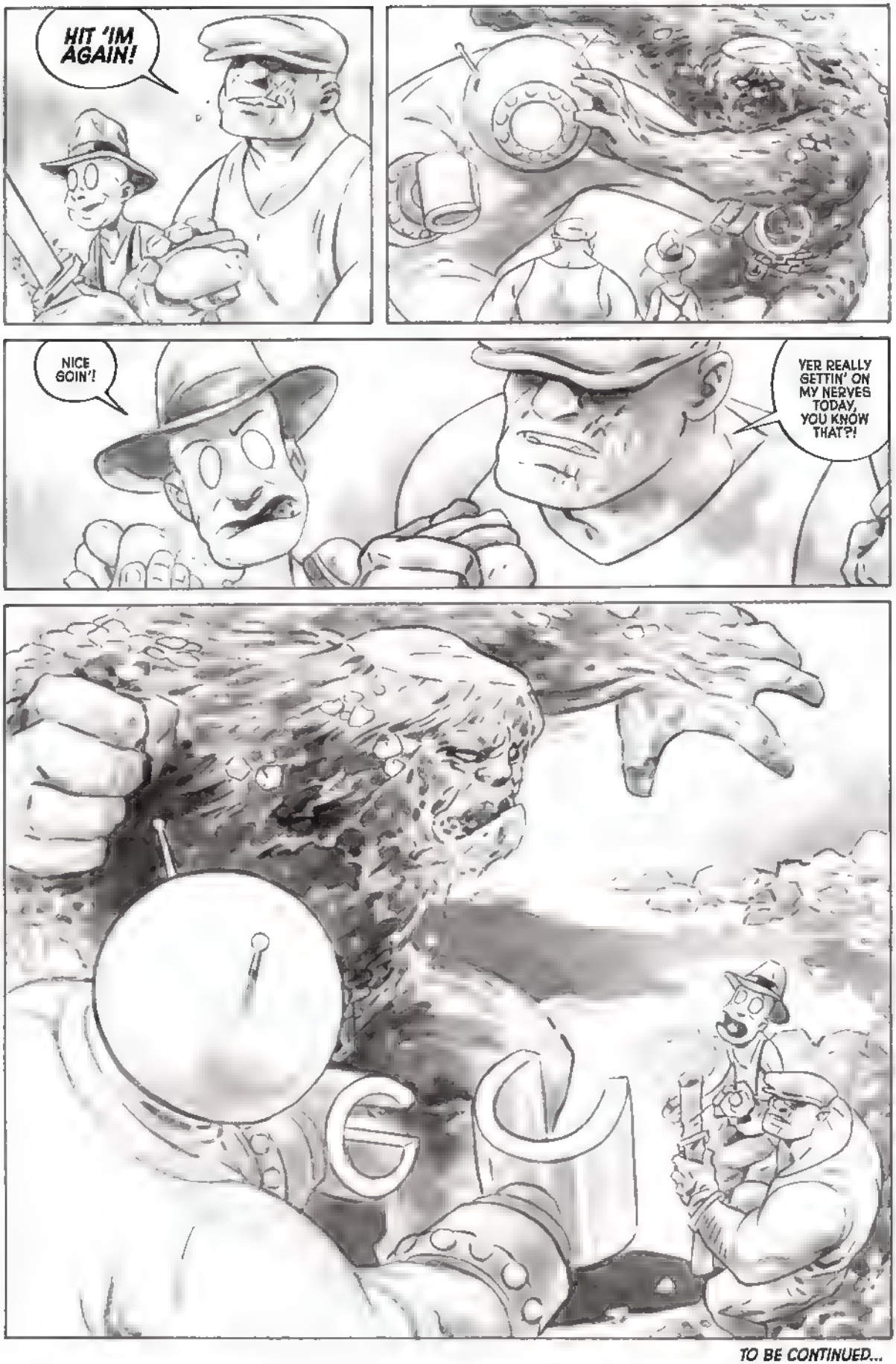
HUH?!?
HE ONLY HIRED ME TO HELP THAT SKINNY FIGHTER WIN.
I SENT THOSE WARNINGS BECAUSE I FELT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT IS COMING.
WHAT'S LEFT OF MY RACE, THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE NOW. AND THE CURSE THAT GIVES IT ITS POWER. THEY WANT IT AND THEY ARE COMING.
NEITHER OF US IS SAFE.
SO MORE ASSHOLES LIKE YOU ARE ON THE WAY, AND I'M IN FOR A FIGHT?
FINE—IT AIN'T LIKE I GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU HAVE NO IDEA. I WAS CAST OUT FROM MY ORDER. I WAS THE LEAST OF THEM.
THEY WON'T JUST ATTACK YOU PHYSICALLY. THEY WILL UNWIND YOU, GOON. YOU WILL BE BROKEN. AND YOU WILL DIE.
JUST AS I WILL. IF WE DON'T LEAVE THIS TOWN.
ARE YOU LEAVING?
NO.
ME NEITHER.
HEY, WHY DID ALL YOUR WARNINGS TRY TO KILL ME, THEN?!
EH.
JUST BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A COMMON ENEMY DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T WANT YOU DEAD.
FAIR ENOUGH.
S-SOUNDS LIKE YOU GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY. I'LL JUST BE GOING THEN.
I DON'T THINK SO.
BANG

THE BOG LURK THAT LURKED LIKE A THING! A BAD THING! PART 2
WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL • DRAWN BY MARK BUCKINGHAM
LETTERING BY NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®
GAHH!

CRASH!
CHUCK A CAR AT ME, WILL YA!
THWAK
FRANKY, GET THE TOMMY GUN OUTTA THE CAR!
YEAH, I'M EATIN' A HOT DOG RIGHT NOW.

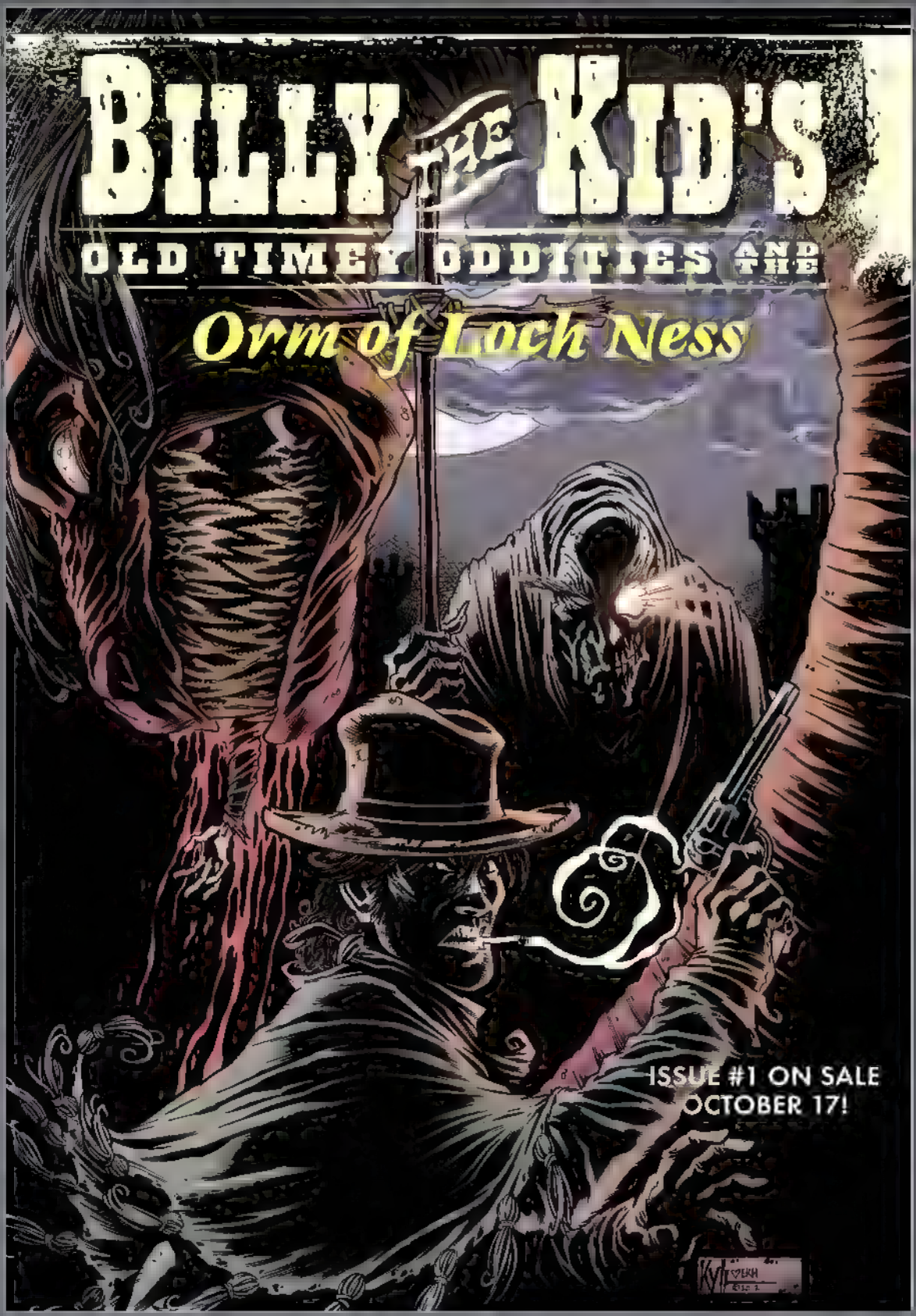

"GIANT KILLER ROBOTS ARE A HAZARD.
SMASH
"THE CREATION AND STORAGE OF GIANT KILLER ROBOTS IN HEAVILY POPULATED AREAS IS CONSIDERED A MISDEMEANOR. HOWEVER, THAT LAW IS RARELY ENFORCED."
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
I'VE ALWAYS FELT GIANT KILLER ROBOTS CAN BE A BENEFICIAL PART OF SOCIETY.

OH, LOOKIT THAT! IT'S ONE OF THEM GIANT KILLER ROBOTS, GOON!
GIMME THAT!
THIS IS BETTER THAN WHEN THAT SKUNK-APE RASTLED THAT BOXING KANGAROO IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE LADY UNDERWEAR STORE!



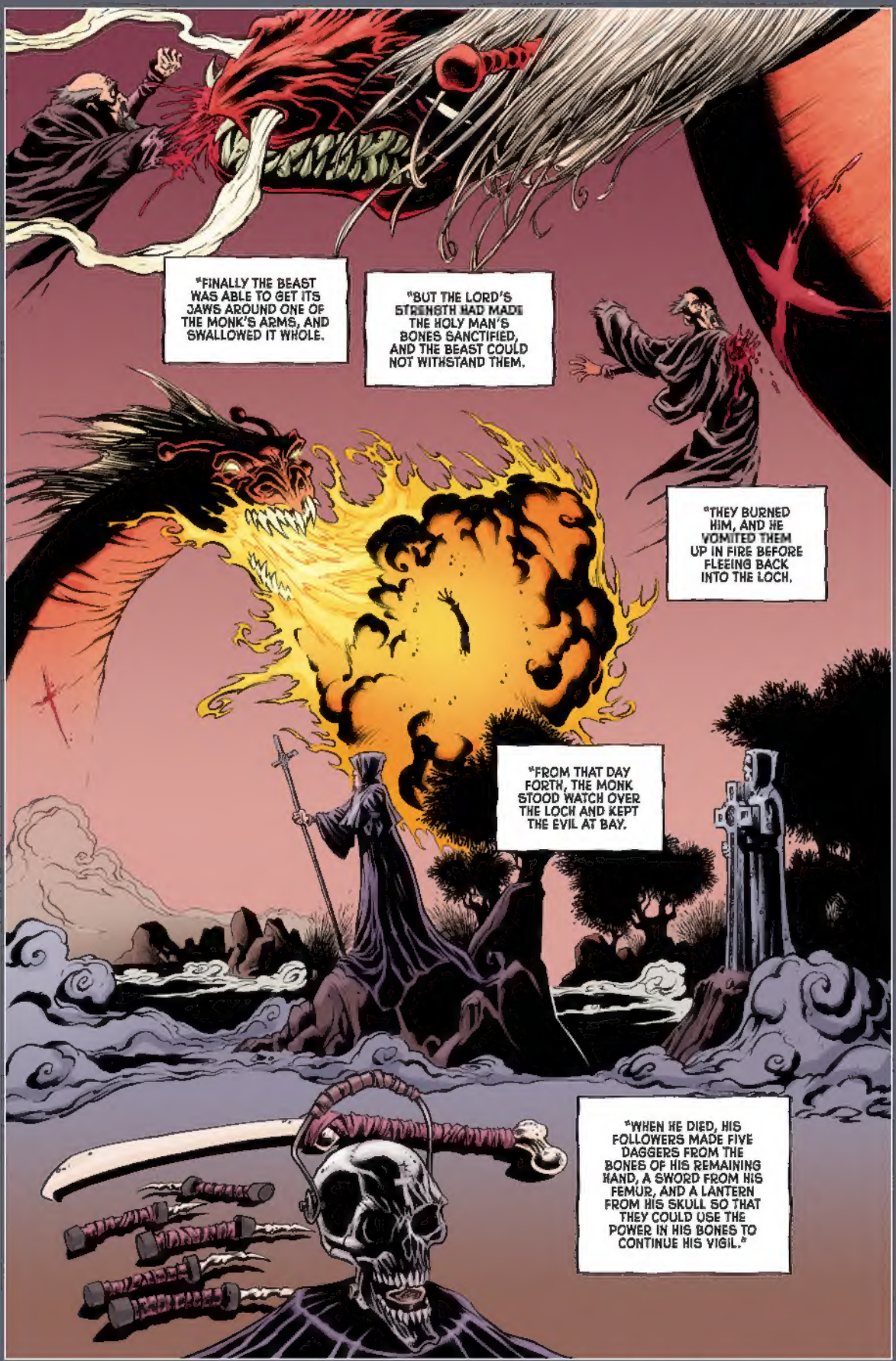
TO BE CONTINUED...

EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF THE NEW SERIES BY ERIC POWELL AND KYLE HOTZ!



WELL, I DOUBT THESE STORIES ARE VERY RELIABLE, BUT THE FIRST ACCOUNT DATES BACK TO THE SIXTH CENTURY.
*SAINT COLUMBA, AN IRISH MONK, AND HIS DISCIPLE ENCOUNTERED A GROUP OF LOCAL PAGANS BURYING TWO OF THEIR OWN ALONG THE LOCH'S BANK.
*THE PAGANS EXPLAINED THAT THE DEAD MAN AND HIS SON HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY A WATER SERPENT.

"THE MONK TOLD HIS ACOLYTE TO WADE INTO THE WATER TO DRAW OUT THE BEAST. THE BOY, HAVING GREAT FAITH AND DEVOTION TO HIS MENTOR, WENT FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR.
"THE BEAST CONSUMED HIM.
"TO VANQUISH THE CREATURE, THE LORD GRANTED THE MONK THE STRENGTH OF IRON.
"THE BATTLE IS SAID TO HAVE TAKEN TO THE CLOUDS, WHERE IT CAUSED THUNDER AND LIGHTNING TO RAIN DOWN ON THE EARTH FOR TWO DAYS.



ON SALE OCTOBER 17!

the MINUTEMEN
INNER-DEMONS